

Serve the Creator by Vinnie Paz

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[Verse 1: Recognize Ali]

Yeah! Recognize, mafuckas

These razor blades is sharper than the metal bar (wraah)

How you jello forms fuckin' with the ghetto god (huh)

I let the cannon roar, doggy get your melon mauled

You scared of war

Bring the pain I swear I split that pan in two (hahaha)

I need me in the flesh, walking up from the wave (yeah)

Like Afro Samurai the way I live by the blade

The criminal kind, n****as get clapped for they cake (ba-ba-ba-ba)

Half of 'em fake, I don't hear kings and treat 'em like slaves

Exotic tools (yeah) Shooters from Kalamazoo

Had to let a beast such as myself out of the zoo (uhuh)

You n****as cute, I blast a bitch in and out of your crew (brrrr!)

So disrespectful partner I known to piss on you fools

A hustler in the streets, in the booth I'm a animal (y'know that)

I spit that fire water and the flow's highly inflammable (facts)

Seven Star General, the third war Hannibal

This hammer though, will leave a hole in your cantaloupe

(to-to-to-to-to) Word, to this game I'm a Pharaoh (yeah)

They say to make it big I gotta make a deal with the devil (nah, fuck that)

Get right, this industry is a fraud (yeah)

They only want 'em to ghost yeah and with us Allah (Alhamdulillah) (Praise be to God)

Yeah! I'm choppin' diamonds like a jeweler

Smoke the Buddha, sip a Nannavoola, I'm a fool-a

Yeah! Motherfuckers

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

Yeah...

This a wild guess homie, this a shot in the dark

You like baby food, just another walk in the park

This philosophy I walk into a Mosque with Descartes

This is Jeffrey Dahmer '89, fork in the heart

This Magnum ain't eat in a while, see the .cal hungry

That's why I got my hand in my drawers like I'm Al Bundy
A lot of y'all know that you stolen ya' style from me
You can't duplicate what I did and you wild bummy
What you know about your man being down?
Doing eighteen bullets you ain't have him around
We clappin' this like you wearin' a cap and a gown
The hatches is wide open better battin' 'em down
You tryin' to go to war with the man
You mafuckas 'bout to ride in the coroner van
This a mind ripper, you can take a shot of this booze
I'm a king, you a pawn, y'all must got me confused
Batiman!